

REVERIES  
of a  
DRUMMER

WILLIAM WALTER SNAW



To my dear friends Blue  
Pence Family  
By the author's wife  
Mrs. Wm W. Shaw







REVERIES OF A DRUMMER





*Wm Walter Shaw*



# REVERIES of a DRUMMER

A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

WILLIAM WALTER SHAW

WITH DRAWINGS

BY

ADDISON JOHNSON



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### THESE VERSES

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THAT  
BAND OF CHEERFUL WORKERS WHO FORM  
THE ADVANCE GUARD OF COMMERCE, CARRY-  
ING OPTIMISM AND GLADNESS INTO EVERY  
CORNER OF OUR GREAT LAND, MAKING BRIGHT  
THE DARK SPOTS IN LIFE, AND SPREADING  
SUNSHINE AND HAPPINESS WHEREVER THEY  
GO, THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OF AMERICA.





*The Drummer*



*He knows the time of every train,  
He knows the best hotel  
In every town from Bangor, Maine,  
To San Diego, Cal.  
He greets each clerk as Jim or Jess,  
He knows which merchants pay;  
In fact, he is a business  
En - cy - clo - pe - di - a.*





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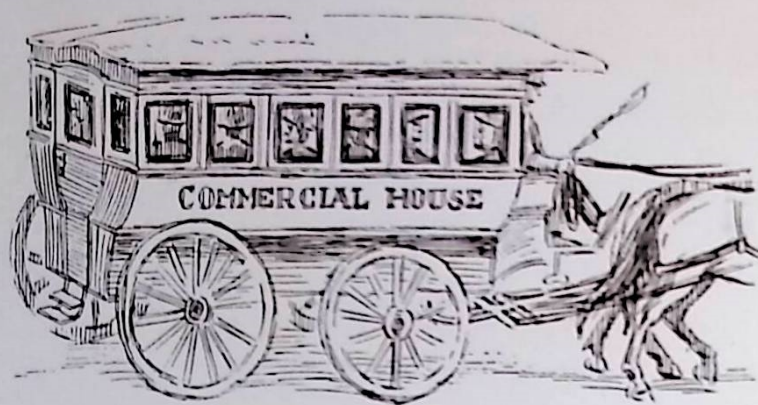
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REVERIES OF A DRUMMER







### THE DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL

THE Clyde accommodation is an hour or more past due ;  
It should have reached Centropolis at seven, forty-two.  
The hackmen doubtful stories swap, the porters wait around  
Impatiently, while horses chafe their bits and paw the ground.

But, suddenly, borne out upon the crisp November air,  
The iron horse emits a shriek, a wail of wild despair,  
As 'round the bend the headlight's rays glow like the harvest-  
moon

Emerging from behind a cloud to chase away the gloom.

## THE DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL

It approaches now the station; how the fiery demon reels;  
Hear the chugging of the air-brakes and the grinding of the  
wheels;  
See its breath of inky blackness floating out upon the air  
Like the freely loosened tresses of a gypsy maiden's hair.

There alights a crowd of drummers from the Central's smok-  
ing-car,  
Gaily bantering each other, and a jolly bunch they are  
As they tax the narrow confines of the lumb'ring carry-all  
Which has surely been constructed most uncomfortably small.

The journey to their hostelry requires the briefest space,  
Where all are duly greeted by a jocund boniface  
"With "Hello, Billy," "Hello, Dick," and "How's the Com-  
modore?"  
"Here, Front, be spry, and take these grips to number thirty-  
four."

As Billy turns to register, "I wish you'd kindly see,"  
Says he, "if there's a *billet-doux* that's waiting here for me."  
Laconically he's tossed a note, perfumed and tinted pink,  
The jolly landlord venturing, "From *your best girl*, I think."

As Billy scans the cherished lines, his face betrays his bliss,  
And finishing, he gives to it a reverential kiss.  
His friends, completely overcome with mirth are rendered silly;  
"It is from *your best girl*," they shout, "now we must read it,  
Billy."





*As Billy scans the cherished lines, his face betrays his bliss*





## THE DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL

"You're right, the letter was inscribed by *my best girl* to me,"  
Says Billy, "and since guessing's good, to read it you are free,  
For never daintier, sweeter note was penned since time began,  
Than these transcendent words of love to cheer a trav'ling  
man."

"No, no," they cry, "we only joked, we would n't be so rude;  
In matters that affect the heart, we care not to intrude,  
Nor interject ourselves into a lover's privacy;  
Forgive us, Bill, we owe you, all, a meek apology."

But Bill insists she would n't care, and without more ado  
He forces on his auditors the precious *billet-doux*.  
The drummers gather 'round about to hear the letter read,  
'With rapt attention, listening, and this is what it said:

"Dear Papa: Hope this reaches you and finds you safe and  
well;  
And wo'n't you hurry back to us? It seems an awful spell  
Since you left home, and how I long to sit upon your knee,  
And if my Papa was but here, how happy we would be.

"And when I say my prayers at night I ask the Lord to bless  
And keep my Papa safe and sound and give to him success,  
So he wo'n't have to travel more; oh, would n't that be jolly?  
Accept a hug and kisses sweet. Your loving little *Dolly*."

### THE DRUMMER'S BEST GIRL

A silence reigns and every eye is moist, and here and there  
A tear glistens on the cheek of faces browned and bare,  
And many a lump in throats arise and threaten dire disaster,  
While every drummer's pulses throb considerably faster.

And ere they seek their night's repose they make the welkin  
ring;  
They think of loved ones far away, and Dolly's praises sing,  
And dreaming of a childish face, blue eyes and flaxen curl,  
They all unite upon a toast to Billy Reed's *best girl*.







### A TEST IN HYPNOTISM

O HE was just a traveling man, dropped in to spend an hour,  
But straightway he began to boast of his hypnotic power;  
The girls were anxious all to see his claims put to the test;  
"Now, you must passive be," said he, "and I will do the rest."

He seated him direct in front a little maid so sweet;  
Says he, "Now think of naught but me; together place your  
feet.

Now, steady, look into my eyes." He stroked her forehead fair,  
A sprite she looked, with dimpled cheeks and wavy auburn  
hair.

## A TEST IN HYPNOTISM

"Now, for a moment, close your eyes, forget that you exist."  
Her ruby lips too tempting proved, how could the man resist?  
He forward bent and snatched a kiss; she doubtless was  
surprised,  
And as the crowd set up a laugh, says he, "You're hypnotized!"

Of course, she angry seemed to be and mightily offended,  
But on my honor, I believe her wrath was but pretended,  
And if a chance could but be found when no one else was  
present,  
He might, I think, repeat the test and she would deem it  
pleasant.







*"Now, for a moment, close your eyes, forget that you exist"*







### HIS NAME WAS DENNIS

A DRUMMER, after orders, lightly tripped into a store  
In a little country village, and he scarce had reached  
the door,

When a coy but modest maiden approached him with a smile  
And asked what she could show him; the salesman doffed  
his tile,

And said he'd "see the buyer, if the buyer was at home."

She replied, "He's gone a fishing and has left me all alone."

"Will he be back this evening?" "No, he'll not return today."

The drummer looked perplexed at this, and as he moved away,

Muttered, "Well, then, my name's Dennis." "All right, all  
right," quoth she,

"When he returns, I'll tell him Mr. Dennis called to see."

## ACCEPTED

HE was anxious the question to pop,  
But could never the courage command  
When in the presence of sweet Louise  
To ask for the fair one's hand.

But settle the matter he must,  
So he stepped in a telephone booth,  
He called up his sweetheart's residence,  
Resolved upon knowing the truth.

He went at it straight and blunt:  
"Will you marry me, dear Louise?"  
She answered him, "Sure, I will;  
Who is this talking, please?"





### HE WANTED HIS HONEY

WHAT, never heerd o' Jimsontown? 'Wo'n't find it on the maps.

The south'n part o' our state you do n't travel much perhaps  
Er you'd a heerd o' Jimsontown an' Mother Hill's hotel—  
Most likely place fer drummers 'twixt here an' Evansville.

The railroad misses Jimsontown 'bout seven miles er so,  
But it's easy stagin', Mister, an' wuth yer while to know  
Dame Hill's good home-made dishes, "like mother use' to  
make,"

An' fergit the tiresome query of "How'll yo' hev yo' steak?"

## HE WANTED HIS HONEY

She raises all her chickens and the eggs are always fresh,  
Her Domineckers faultless with plump and tender flesh;  
Can't match her fresh churned butter and snow-white cottage  
cheese,  
And last, not least, she keeps a score o' hives o' honey bees.

Now, ef you was a trav'lin' man you'd surely know Lem Speer,  
Who's traveled this here country roun' fer nigh on fifteen  
year;  
Well, Lem, like other drummers, was most powerfully stuck  
On Dame Hill's Domineckers an' other table truck.

Particularly Lem was fond o' her nice clover honey,  
And breakfast waffles without this, to Lem seemed somethin'  
funny.  
A right peart lookin' pair o' gals waits on the drummers'  
table;  
'Resist 'em, Mister, ef you can, but few of us are able.

Well, Lem he married t'other week, his sweetheart from  
Mattoon  
And left at once for Mother Hill's to spend his honeymoon,  
Fer such a quiet, restful place don't nowheres else abound,  
An' as fer eatin's, well, I guess its equal can't be found.





*"Why, Mamie don't work here no more"*





### HE WANTED HIS HONEY

Well, sir, they come to breakfast fust mornin' they was there  
An' the customary waffles was piled high in the air,  
But much to Lem's amazement, with countenance so sunny,  
The gal sot up a syrup jug instead o' clover honey.

"Why, Kitty, Kitty," Lemuel cried, the maple syrup scornin',  
"I wish you'd tell me where can be my honey, this fine  
mornin'?"

Now, Kitty, naterally shy, at sight o' Lemuel's bride  
Was quite abashed and ventured up quite close ere she replied,  
An' though she tried it *sotto voce*, the answer reached Lem's  
wife:

"Why, Mamie do n't work here no more." Lem nearly lost  
his life.



## THE DESERTER

AND can it be indeed that I am left thus all alone,  
Or is this but some fevered dream from which I soon  
shalt wake ;

And am I ne'er again to hear the sympathetic tone  
Of that dear voice that promised never, never to forsake ?  
That voice whose every intonation full of love hadst grown  
To me like sweetest music wafted o'er the distant lake.

Thy loving arms which oft hath clasped me in their fond  
embrace,

While I, confiding, laid my head upon thy throbbing breast,  
Delirious with the conscious love reflected from thy face ;

Oh, shalt thou never bid me there again my head to rest,  
And dwelling on some sweet familiar word or thing, may trace  
A longing to again possess the love thou once possessed ?

Ah, surely there wilt come a time when thou shalt realize

That Flattery's lips which now thy vanity doth satiate  
Are but a hollow mockery, and shalt learn to prize

That thou hast left behind thee, and shalt seek to expiate  
Her wrongs. God grant that when thou seekst for my sym-  
pathies

To comfort thy repentant heart, it may not be too late !





“WHAT IS YOUR LINE?”

“WHAT is your line?” There comes that whine,  
Till I’m tired of what I hear,  
For it’s asked a score of times or more  
Each blessed day in the year.

I’m a drummer for coal, but upon the whole,  
It’s more than I can divine  
Why each man I meet should forever greet  
Me with, “Well, sir, what’s your line?”

WHAT IS YOUR LINE?

Each train I take, with rage I shake,  
As the conductor with face benign,  
Takes a look at my mileage book  
And asks, "What is your line?"

Wherever I go, I always know  
That the waiter where I dine  
Is sure to let slip, as he waits for his tip,  
"Mistah, what is yah line?"

The hotel clerk gets in his work  
As he shoves me the book to sign,  
And assigns me a room as cold as the tomb,  
Then asks, "What is your line?"

As the bootblacks stand with my hat in hand,  
For their tip when I've had a shine,  
I'm sure to hear, ere the door I clear:  
"Mistah, what is yah line?"

I dreamed one night with a horrid fright  
That my time had come to die,  
And I made the trip with my little grip  
To the mansions in the sky.





*The conductor takes a look at my mileage book*





WHAT IS YOUR LINE?

But at the gate I met my fate,  
For I found the blamed thing locked,  
I waited around and I pawed the ground  
While I knocked, and knocked, and knocked.

At last it turned and I discerned  
Old Peter inside the gate,  
As he grinned at me, says he, "Let's see  
Just what your papers state."

He looked them o'er and he grinned some more,  
And the chills went down my spine;  
"Oh, you're one, then, of those drummer men;  
Tell me, what is your line?"

My legs grew weak, I could scarcely speak,  
As I answered, "Coal," and I know  
That he shook with glee as he beckoned to me,  
And motioned me down below.



### THE DRUMMER

WHO is it passes out the smokes  
And tells his highly flavored jokes  
To customers and other folks?  
The Drummer.

Who is it fills the merchant's ear  
With optimistic tales of cheer,  
Then sells him goods to last a year?  
The Drummer.

Who, on the train seeks for a seat  
Beside the girl who looks so neat  
And fills her head with nonsense sweet?  
The Drummer.



## THE DRUMMER

Who holds her hand with wistful look,  
Gains her address by hook or crook  
And notes it in his little book?

The Drummer.

Who's ever willing to be kissed?  
Who's ready with a hand for whist,  
Or lead in prayer if you insist?

The Drummer.

At end of trip, with saint-like face,  
Who meets his wife with fond embrace  
And tells her "Home's the only place?"

The Drummer.





### THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

IT'S sort o' lonesome, ain't it, though today's Thanksgivin'  
Day?

The stores are closed and business has all been laid away.  
Few stragglers out this mornin', and they are scurryin' past,  
All appearin' anxious to escape November's blast.  
For the wind it is a whistlin' 'round the corner of the street,  
Which lends acceleration to a feller's chilly feet.

Though Thanksgivin' Day brings little rest from labor's weary  
grind,  
Opportunity is given to employ a feller's mind,  
And today I am contrastin' with this boardin'-house's feed  
Thanksgivin' Day at mother's board, which was a feast indeed.





*We coasted belly-bumpers down the icy snow-packed hill*





## THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

How well do I remember in the days of long ago,  
In the little country village, 'bout a dozen miles or so  
From the nearest point o' railroad, where the mail come  
twic't a week;  
And the big frame house we lived in near the bridge acrosst  
the creek.  
Where everybody in the town, I knew and they knew me,  
And my heart was light, and sunshine seemed to reign  
perpetu'ly.

'But the boys and girls I knew then are now the old folks, all,  
Livin' quietly and peaceful like, a waitin' for their call;  
Livin' close to nature and the soil and close to God,  
As their fathers did before 'em, who are now beneath the sod

I remember well the kitchen with its tiny lights of glass  
In the big old-fashioned windows, and the candlesticks of brass,  
The wood-stove in one corner and the cupboard in the other;  
The motto hangin' on the wall, "What is home without a  
mother?"

The slabs of pumpkin dryin' as they hung alternately  
With the strings of quartered Pippins from the fav'rite apple  
tree.

Even now, I think, blindfolded, I could penetrate each room  
From the attic's low hung rafters to the cellar's deepest gloom;  
I could place my hands unaided on each picture on the wall,

## THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

I could count each full blown dahlia on the paper in the hall,  
I can see each whoppin' bedstead with its coverlet so bright,  
And the trundle-bed a slidin' out from under every night.  
But when I start to ruminate, you never know what's next,  
And I find myself a wanderin' quite a distance from my text.

To my mother and my father, too, each holiday appealed;  
You could feel Thanksgivin' in the air before our burns had  
    healed  
From the last Fourth's celebration. What a lot there was to do,  
A gettin' things all ready; used to take a week or two.  
There's the turkey must be fattened, and the pumpkins to  
    inspect,  
The squash and turnips chosen and the apples to select;  
The mincemeat gotten ready with the same care as the rest;  
Everything for that auspicious day must be the very best.

How the seasons have been changin' since those days of long  
    ago;  
Never came a green Thanksgivin', always had a coat of snow,  
And the air was crisp and stingin', frozen over was the creek,  
While the frost left brilliant colors painted on the nose and  
    cheek.

How we took our sleds and scampered to the ridge above the  
    mill  
Where we coasted belly-bumpers down the icy snow-packed hill,  
Until toes and fingers drove us to the house to thaw 'em out,



## THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

And the savory odors floatin' from the kitchen made us shout.  
Oh, that fragrance from the oven, 'twas enough to make us weak  
When the baker door swung open and we got a little peek  
Of that brownin' sizzlin' turkey, which my mother stooped to  
    baste  
With her spoon immersed in gravy and an apron 'round her  
    waist.

After what seemed endless waitin' we were gathered 'round  
    the board  
With the table just a groanin' with the good things that were  
    stored  
On the spotless snowy linen; father with his beamin' face  
Droppin' in the seat of honor; mother in her usual place  
Just behind the teapot, smilin'; granny sittin' next to me;  
All the children so impatient, fidgety as we could be.

"Now then, father," spoke my mother, and the good man  
    bowed his head,  
'Thankin' God for every favor, thankin' him for daily bread,  
'Thankin' him for wife and loved ones, thankin' him for grace  
    to bear  
Such afflictions as had fallen to his lot; thus closed his prayer.  
I remember seein' mother's tears course down her cheeks so  
    white,  
For she realized the journey's end for her was 'most in sight;  
And she thought of two sweet cherubs who had journeyed on  
    before  
And were waitin' to receive her when she reached the other  
    shore.

## THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

How our eyes were set on father as he sliced away the breast,  
Fillin' granny's plate with white meat, gravy, stuffin' and the  
rest.

How he told his funny story, at such times you always heard  
That a turkey was unhandy, awkwardest of any bird,  
For it was almost too ample for one man to worry through  
And it could n't be divided; there was scarce enough for two.  
How we shook our sides with laughter though we'd heard it  
oft before,

But we knew it tickled father, and that always called for more.

After all had stretched their waist-bands with as much as they  
could hold

Then my father grew quite serious, and he said how he'd  
been told

That in France 't was customary at each bountiful repast  
For the host to kiss the cook, and so our pardon would be  
asked

While he carried out the custom, *and he did it, too*, be sure,  
While mother blushed quite prettily and hoped that it would  
cure

Her chapped lips; and she ventured that she could safely say  
A happier woman did n't live on that Thanksgivin' Day.

And later, after chores were done and the wind was whistlin'  
wild,

I can see the blazin' fireplace into which the wood was piled;





*After what seemed endless waitin', we were gathered 'round the board*





## THANKSGIVING DAY AWAY BACK YONDER

I can see the fam'ly gatherin' while the hickory nuts were  
passed,  
Followed closely by the cider, with the Rambo apples last.  
I recall bear stories told us and I fell to wonderin' how  
My father ever was so brave ; while mother smoothed my brow,  
'Till father's voice grew weak and faint, and in my mother's lap  
My head drooped lower on her breast, a tired little chap.

Just how I got undressed and in my little trundle-bed,  
I never knew ; but mother's lips pressed kisses on my head  
And thanked her Maker for the day so filled with peace and  
joy,  
And whispered as she stroked my hair, "God bless my little  
boy."  
'Tis many years since mother's hand has pressed my achin'  
brow,  
For in a brighter land than this, she's waitin' for me now ;  
And when life's trials all are o'er, how great will be her joy  
With outstretched arms to greet me with : "Here comes my  
little boy."



### HAD WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

O H, the misery and sorrow!  
Oh, the suffering and woe!  
Oh, the crosses that we borrow,  
Just because we did n't know.  
Galling yokes we might have lifted,  
Deeds of spite replaced by good;  
How the scenes we might have shifted  
Had we only understood.



## HAD WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD

How the loftiest ambitions  
Have been ruthlessly o'erthrown,  
Just because the true conditions  
Were n't understood and known.  
How the hopes and aspirations,  
But conceived for others' good,  
Have but met with imprecations  
As they've been misunderstood.

'When you've tried so hard to labor  
For another's happiness  
And expended on that neighbor  
All the love that you possess,  
Then to find that friend mistaken  
And refuse your proffered hand,  
Then you know that you're forsaken,  
'Cause they did n't understand.

Oh, the loneliness and heartaches!  
Oh, the bitterness and woe!  
Oh, the cruel, cruel, heartbreaks,  
Just because we did n't know.  
When from scenes of earth we're shifted  
To that brighter, better land,  
And the veil beyond is lifted,  
Then, at last, we'll understand.



### HOME OF GHILDHOOD

I 'VE wandered back to the old farm house,  
A cabin now gone to decay,  
Though maybe uncouth, 't was the home of my youth,  
And I'll cherish its mem'ry always.

Instead of the cabin in which I was born,  
The owner now lives on the hill  
With wealth at command, in a mansion grand,  
And fashioned with consummate skill.





*Bare little feet, browned with the heat, splashed in its silvery sheen*





## HOME OF CHILDHOOD

But give me the home of sweet babyhood,  
The place where I had my birth,  
With its mud-chinked walls and its chimney of spalls,  
The loveliest spot on earth.

Oh, give me again the song of the birds,  
The busy hum of the bee,  
The lowing of kine in the distant pine,  
And the bleating of lambs on the lea.

A sparkling stream from the spring so cool  
Flowed down through the meadow green,  
And bare little feet that were browned with the heat,  
Splashed in its silvery sheen.

There little hearts were spotless and white,  
And free from all sin and all stain,  
They knew not of strife in the Ocean of Life,  
They knew not of sorrow or pain.

Oh, innocent days of childhood's life!  
As sweet as the flowers of May,  
How often I yearn that I might return,  
For oh, I have wandered away.

## HOME OF CHILDHOOD

I have wandered this wide world o'er and o'er,  
But have found no place half so fair  
As the cabin of old, with its wealth untold  
Of childhood's memories rare.

I know not of Heaven's location, exact,  
But let me here venture as truth,  
That the Home of the Just, for a certainty must  
Be near to the home of my youth.







### MY DREAM

LAST night I dreamed a heavenly dream,  
I thought that you and I  
Were dwellers on a fairy isle  
Neath some enchanted sky,

And I was all the world to you  
And you were all to me;  
Alone we dwelt while winds blew fair  
Across the crystal sea.

MY DREAM

Our lives were young, our hearts beat fast,  
Your head lay on my breast,  
Your hair was wafted in my face,  
Your cheeks my hands caressed.

And when your lips with fragrance sweet  
Met mine, the joyous bliss  
Of all that's best in heaven and earth  
Seemed melted in that kiss.

My eyes and mind oblivious were  
To all things else but thee;  
The world seemed slipping at our feet,  
Lost was the emerald sea.

And caught up by a zephyr fair,  
We sailed away in space,  
As closely to my breast I held  
You in a fond embrace.

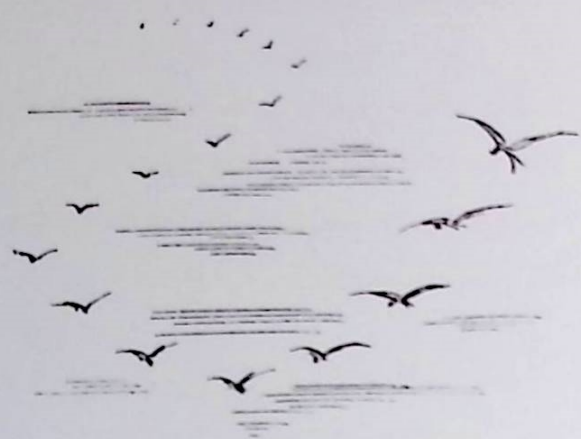
\* \* \* \* \*

Ah, hapless moment that should wake  
Me from a dream so sweet,  
And rudely bring me back to earth  
From Love's divine retreat.





*When your lips with fragrance sweet met mine*





MY DREAM

And should I in the next world find  
    Myself among the blest,  
I'd fling away my harp and crown  
    To be again possessed

For one brief day of all the joys  
    That came to me last night;  
I'd throw aside my spotless robe  
    And downward take my flight,

To hold once more your slender form  
    Against my throbbing breast,  
Your lips to mine, my heart to yours,  
    In infinite peace and rest.

And on celestial scenes I'd turn  
    My back, and deem it well;  
For life in Heaven, without *you*, Dear,  
    Would prove the veriest hell!

## THE DRUMMER'S PRAYER

LORD, look with a forgiving eye  
Upon the buyer who must lie  
About the prices others give,  
When we know that they could n't live  
And sell their goods at less than cost—  
Do n't number him among the lost.

Do Thou, O Lord, forgive the gawk  
On whom we've wasted hours of talk,  
Then says to send by parcel post  
A half a dozen (at the most)  
Of dollar corsets like the last,  
And though his last bill's due and past,  
And notwithstanding his poor rating,  
Insists on two months' extra dating.

Please curb our tendency to flirt  
With all the girls; it does n't hurt,  
When absent minded we forget  
Our married state; be with us yet.

Forgive the *chefs* and landlords, too,  
Who serve the leavings in a stew;  
Our molars are a perfect wreck  
From *filet* steaks cut from the neck.



THE DRUMMER'S PRAYER

Give us digestions like a goat,  
To eat lamb old enough to vote;  
And drink our coffee (this we beg)  
Though strong enough to float an egg.

And may we nevermore complain  
Of roller towels, though the stain  
Of countless hands have left their grime.  
And when in bed at night we climb,  
Although inhabited they be,  
So tough our hides, we ask of Thee,  
That we may sleep the whole night through.  
And Lord, may our employers view  
Our last month's big expense account  
With lenient eyes, and full amount  
Of credit give; we need the kale.  
And teach our wives they should n't fail  
To not expect too much, for then  
They know we're only traveling men.

And when our last trip we have made  
And clods fall heavy from the spade,  
Do n't send us to that hotter berth—  
We've had enough of that on earth.

## TELL ME YOUR LOVE

IF YOU love me, tell me so;  
    (How our lives are fleeting)  
If you love me, tell me so,  
    Ere my heart stops beating.  
If you love me, tell me so,  
    Do not keep me guessing;  
Reticence oft robs us of  
    God's divinest blessing.

Just a little word may change  
    Sadness into smiling;  
Knowledge that we are beloved,  
    Lonely hearts beguiling.  
Dearest, do not wait until  
    My hands are crossed above me;  
Open *now* your heart to me—  
    Tell me that you love me!





*If you love me, tell me so*



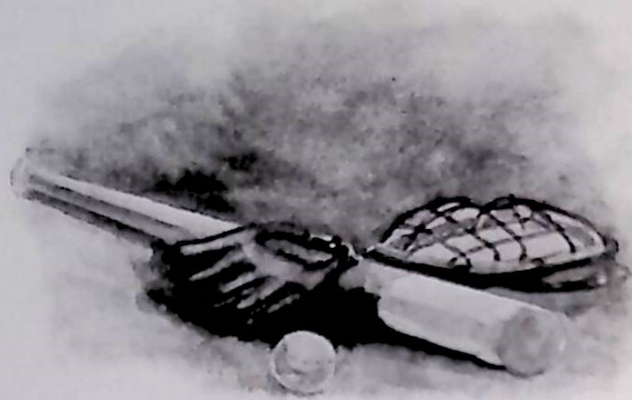


## THE 'WORST IS YET TO COME

SOCIETY has been for months  
The slave of most outlandish stunts;  
The dances new are but a craze—  
Forerunners of more evil days.  
Just watch Dame Fashion try awhile  
To kick her feet in tango style,  
Or practice "bunny hugs" and what  
Is more absurd, the "turkey trot."

If some composer should perchance  
Make tunes to fit St. Vitus dance,  
You'd find it would be all the rage,  
And these same fools would then engage  
A tunester to prepare an air  
To fit the stringhalt, and would dare  
To try upon some slight pretext,  
Ataxia locomotor next.

Written in 1909 when these dances were popular.



### HOW THE GAME WAS WON

MY SON, John Percival McCline  
Is captain of a baseball nine;  
The club is dubbed Coshocton Braves,  
Who hoped to send to early graves  
The chances of contending teams  
And thus fulfill their cherished dreams.

Though, as one howling grand success,  
They disappoint me, I'll confess;  
In fact, I'm sorry to admit,  
Consistently they've managed it  
To stand right at the column's foot,  
And e'en the Roscoe Cubs have put  
It over them in every game,  
And Dresden's bunch has done the same.



## HOW THE GAME WAS WON

"Why, even little Chili's Dutch  
Has beat 'em, and that's saying much.

"When this came to my ears, thought I,  
'Tis time to learn the reason why;  
And into counsel John would call  
And find out why such rotten ball  
Was being played by one and all.

"Now, John," quoth I, "what ails your team?  
They're dead ones, all, so it would seem;  
They tell me any old scrub nine  
Can trim you up and do it fine;  
You'd better try 'em at ping-pong;  
What's wrong, my son, what's wrong, what's wrong?"

Then John told me a tale that caused  
The light to shine, and ere he paused,  
I knew just where the trouble lay;  
He lacked equipment for the play.

I gathered that some eyes were blacked  
For want of masks which they had lacked;  
I understood that balls oft hit  
The catcher in the stomach's pit,  
Which rendered him for work unfit.

## HOW THE GAME WAS WON

And then across my mind there came  
The disappearance of the same  
Hot water bottle of my wife's  
At divers times, and on my life's  
Account, till then I never guessed  
The truth of what was now confessed.

For unaccountable, the loss  
Of three porch cushions filled with moss  
Had been till now, but bases had  
To be provided, so the lad  
Had yanked 'em to the diamond, and  
Had filled the cushions full of sand.

It soon developed that the Joys  
Of Newark were to play our boys.  
Fired with real zeal, "Now, John," says I,  
(Enthusiasm running high,)  
"I hope that you'll wipe up the floor;  
For once roll up a decent score.

"While really I cannot afford  
To spare five dollars from my hoard,  
I want you now to take this V  
And use it advantageously;  
But *beat the Joys!*" The day soon came;  
I strolled around to view the game.





*John stood at bat, devoid of fear*





## HOW THE GAME WAS WON

'T was played upon a vacant lot;  
The day was most uncommon hot.  
To my surprise I saw no sign  
Of mask for the Coshocton nine;  
No mitt or chest protector new  
Appeared to my inquiring view,  
But 'neath the shirt of one profane  
And vulgar youth, I saw too plain,  
My wife's inflated water bag,  
And on his breast, the umpire's tag.

The Braves at bat, the umpire's call  
Resounded through the field: "Play ball."  
John stood at bat, devoid of fear;  
He fanned but could n't find the sphere;  
And though the balls looked fair to me  
As any I might wish to see,  
The umpire gave him base on balls  
Amidst the visitors' cat-calls.

I must allow I never saw  
Decisions rendered quite as raw,  
And when the Newark Joys' hard swats  
Knocked balls into adjoining lots,  
Regardless of the Newarks' growl,  
He 'd suavely call each one a foul.

## HOW THE GAME WAS WON

At last the farcial game was o'er  
And up went the official score :  
Goshocton had just twenty-nine,  
With Newark's Joys 'way down the line.

I sought my offspring ; " Where," I ask,  
" Is chest protector, mitt and mask ? "  
John looked surprised, " You said to use  
The money given as I choose,  
Where it would do the greatest good—  
But '*win the game*,' you said we should."  
" Yes." " Well, we won it, did n't we ?  
We would n't, were it not for me ;  
*I slipped it to the empire. See ?*"







## UNCHANGING

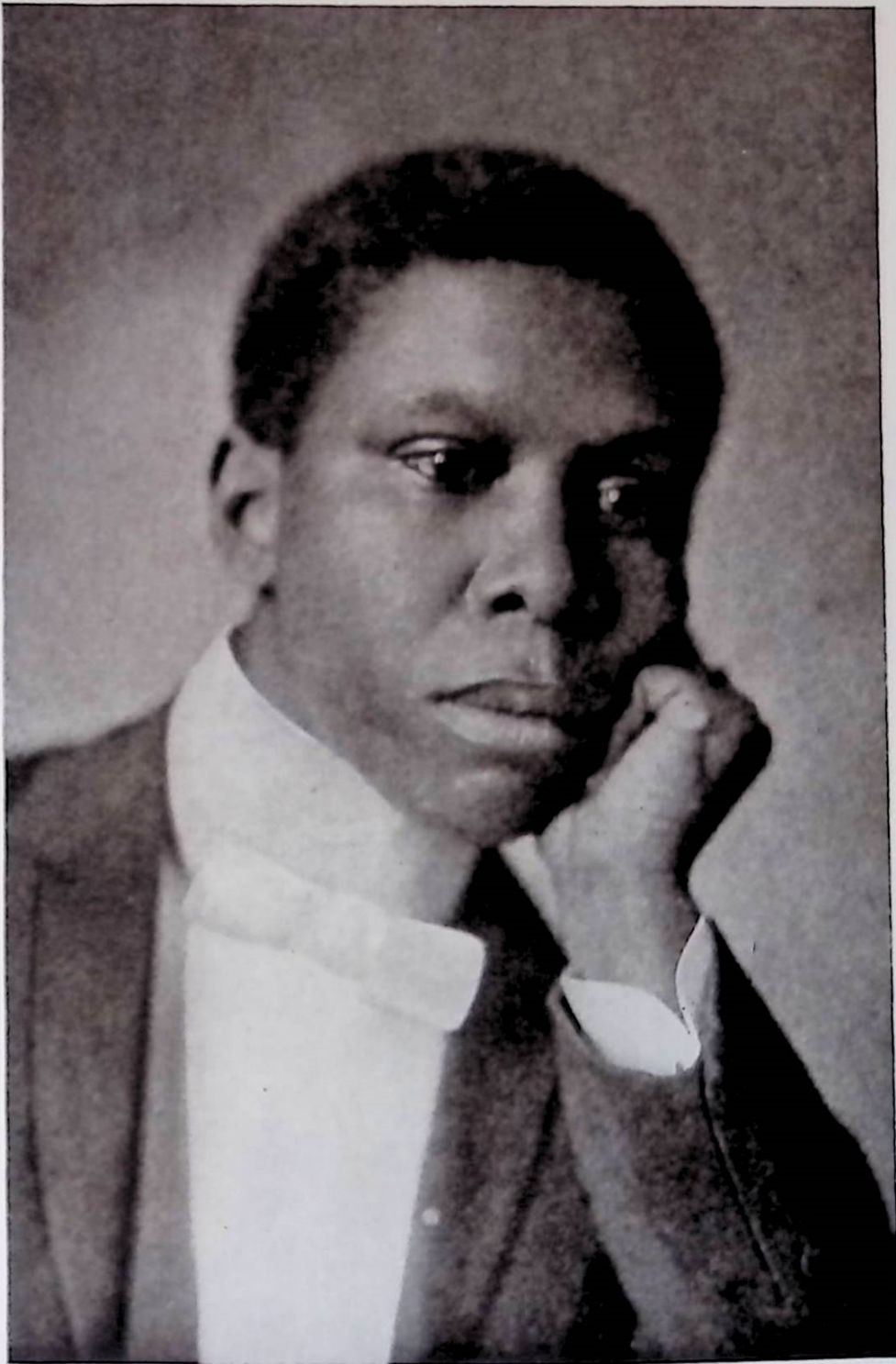
WHEN E'ER the sun forgets to rise  
And wend his way across the skies,  
When e'er the stars above you  
Shall lose their light and shine no more,  
Why, then I may (but not before)  
Forget, my dear, to love you.



## INSCRIPTION

Written on the fly leaf of a volume of Paul Laurence Dunbar's Poems,  
and presented to a friend.

ACCEPT, I pray, with kind regard,  
These poems of a swarthy bard.  
What, though his hide be black as ink,  
His hair inclined to curl and kink,  
A whiter heart ne'er pulsed within  
Habiliments of fairest skin.  
Transcendent genius such as his  
Demands our homage, and it is  
My wish that I might but infuse  
Such thoughts as spring from Dunbar's muse  
Within the confines of my verse;  
Bards deified have written worse.



*A whiter heart ne'er pulsed within habiliments of fairest skin*





## THE WANDERER

HOW dark and stormy seems the way  
When God is lost from view ;  
Oh, that I might walk in the light  
Of Christ, whom once I knew.

To me, life once was bright and fair,  
The road was smooth and grand,  
When Christ, my Guide, walked by my side  
And led me by the hand.

But I, unmindful of His pleas,  
From Him away didst stray,  
Believing I could now rely  
On self to find my way.

Allured by the deceptive glow  
Of gilded baubles rare,  
And frescoes bright, which to my sight  
Appeared most wondrous fair,

## THE WANDERER

I wandered from the narrow path,  
Along the broad highway;  
To music sweet, my wayward feet  
Strayed from the light of day.

And now my light has feeble grown,  
And dangerous the road,  
I flounder in the mire of sin  
With my oppressive load.

My steps I never can retrace  
Unaided, God, by Thee;  
O Thou who gav'st Thy Son to save,  
Canst Thou recover me?

If so, extend Thy strong right arm  
And save me from my fate,  
The light grown pale will shortly fail  
And then 't will be too late!



### SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

I DO not know her name, perhaps you do ;  
I never saw her face, perchance that you  
May have her picture now upon your wall ;  
It may be this poor soul was once your all.

By some strange chance her head might once have lain  
Pillowed upon your breast, before the pain  
Of loneliness and want had clipped her wings,  
And false pride blinded her to nobler things.





## SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

And tired and weak, base ghouls demanded toll,  
A city's vampires clawed at her poor soul.  
The dice were loaded and the game not fair;  
The odds proved greater far than she could bear.

Her wisdom and her strength were sorely tried;  
The roads were lone and strange, the guide-posts lied.  
Till chilled and hungry, with her senses numbed,  
Tired of the conflict, she at last succumbed.

Back home the life was drear and sober-faced,  
The people drudges all, and too straight-laced.  
Contentions petty of a little town  
Oppressed her with its yoke and weighed her down.

Monotony had robbed her life of peace;  
Romance within her cried for sweet release.  
From deprivation sprang her wild desires;  
Ambition's fancies fanned consuming fires.

You could not understand, mother-of-hers;  
You could not see with her; your eyes were blurs  
Of wash day, cooking, brooms—the weary grind;  
To Youth's romantic dreams you were but blind.



*Her life was straight, she used to pray*







## SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

She saw some poor men's wives strain with the weight  
Of thankless crosses borne; defying Fate.  
The wings of Fancy beat across the miles,  
Transporting her into a land of smiles,

And joy and gaiety, where work would be  
But child's play, and her life tranquility;  
With money real to spend just as she chose,  
Buy what she wished, and none could her oppose.

Alas for dreams of Youth, the wak'ning comes,  
The visions bright of feasts prove only crumbs.  
The wage was pitiful, and shrunk its power  
To purchase the delights of Fancy's hour.

Ten dollars earned a week—twelve, you insist,  
Well, just enough at that to but exist.  
The finery she craved could not be bought,  
Denied were pleasures all, for which she sought.

At first her life was straight; she used to pray;  
Considered not had she, the easier way.  
Vice was repugnant, for tradition brings  
To chaste lives loathing of unholy things.

SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

But girls away from home can seldom see  
Until too late, the snares that carefully  
Are spread with tact to bring about their fall,  
When they, too weak to fight, relinquish all.

And now she's paid the price, the mask is dropped;  
The dead line has been crossed; deceit is stopped.  
She gazes in the city's face to stare;  
She sees but brutal sneers, no pity there.

She realizes now all she has lost;  
She's lived the city's life, but ah, the cost!  
She thinks now of the joys that might have been;  
The happiness refused the best of men.

She sees "the man back home," whose love she spurned,  
In whose true manly breast a pure love burned.  
She thinks of little lives God should allow  
To bless her home, but now—O God! but now—

\* \* \* \* \*

Again, the orchards bloom, the robins sing;  
All nature seems to breathe the joys of spring.  
The wild rose soon will bare its swelling heart  
And violets their rich perfume impart.



SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER

The city with its base seductive spell  
Lies far away beyond the mossy dell,  
Where sunshine robes a little mound with green,  
O'er which the willow waves its plumes serene.

But nevermore for her will shine the sun;  
She paid the penalty; her race is run.  
*When we know not the price that must be paid,*  
*We do and dare, and seem so unafraid.*





## THE PICCANINNY'S PLAINT

COME, mah baby, hush yu' cryin',  
Do n' y'u spile dem poorty eyes;  
Lay yu' haid on mammy's bosom  
While she sings yu' lullabies.

Do n' you keer des kase dem white chiles  
'Fuse to run an' play an' hide  
Wif mah baby, kase dair colah  
Ain' as dahk as yu's outside.

Scratch de skin a little teeny,  
Watch 'em bleed, des lak yu' own;  
Underneaf dair faded coverin'  
Dey's got same kin' flesh an' bone.

Was n't Eve as much yu' muddah  
As she is ob chillun white?  
Does de Bible say she white folks?  
She may been as brack as night.



*"Lay yu' haid on mammy's bosom, while she sings y'u lullabies"*





### THE PICCANINNY'S PLAINT

When we reach de glory mansions,  
Stan'in' by de gates outside,  
T'inks ole Peter care a fig leaf  
'Bout de colah ob our hide?

No, indeedy! All he acks us  
As he spreads de gates apaht,  
Not what colah may yu' skin be;  
Des what colah is yu' heaht?



## LOVE'S LABOR LOST

SWIFT the word was passed in Heaven  
That a drummer on his way  
Would be in the Golden City  
Ere the gates should close that day.

What a stir among the angels  
And the seraphs, for they knew  
That there 'd be some lively doings,  
Now a traveling man was due.

For monotony had really  
Settled down upon the place,  
And each sainted white robed virgin  
Wore a long and sombre face.

But the angels now were active,  
And each dainty little nose  
Was be-sprinkled well with powder  
As they donned their Sunday clothes.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

And each golden harp was polished  
And each harp-string placed in tune,  
For a drummer was expected  
To arrive in Heaven soon

And they sent out a committee  
To extend a welcome hearty,  
With a band of heavenly harpists  
And another singing party.

As the train pulled in the station  
The conductor shouted, "Say,  
Are you looking for the drummer?  
Well, he went the other way."







### THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

THEY talk about religion a bein' mighty cheap,  
But to run the church at Simpkins it appears to take  
a heap.

They sing that hymn o' Watts's, "I'm glad salvation's free,"  
But the theory and practice do n't seem to quite agree.

First, it takes six hundred plunks per year fer Parson Whart,  
That is, we 'gree to give that much, though ginerally we're  
short.

Then, there's them furrin missionaries we've allers got to pay,  
But Simpkins church holds up her end on Missionary Day.



*The church at Simpkins Corners*





## THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

Then comes the superannuates, and next, the Niggers' Aid,  
The Bible Cause, the Sunday School, and I am much afraid  
I can't remember half the calls upon my slender purse;  
I'd have to deed to 'em the farm if it grows any worse.  
At that, the church 'd be in debt, head over heels, I guess,  
Did not the Wimmin's Aid prevent our comin' to distress.

But two weeks more till Conference, and in the same old  
rucks,  
The Parson's salary was found, shy, *twenty-seven bucks*.  
The wimmin, bless their honest hearts, decided they must raise  
The balance due the preacher inside o' fourteen days,  
And thus surprise good Parson Whart by one united pull,  
A sendin' him to Conference with his salary paid in full.

But what to do to raise the wind perplexed 'em, fer you see  
They'd tried all kinds o' festibles, they'd given a pink tea;  
They'd had their exhibitions, but of these they tired as well,  
A hearin' M'lissa Jones recite about that "Curfew Bell."  
Ice cream suppers, too, had paled, they'd tried a spellin'-bee;  
Uncommon means must be devised to raise that salary.

Things was a lookin' mighty blue when pretty Widder Mull  
Suggested that they try 'em with a necktie sociabul.  
Now, Mrs. Mull had witnessed one last summer, down to  
Warners,  
But necktie sociabuls was new to them at Simpkins Corners.

## THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

It was explained how they must make a necktie to agree  
Exactly with the dress they wore so as the boys might see  
Who fer the evenin' they must take to be their runnin' mate,  
Fer boys must purchase all, a tie, as they come in the gate.  
Each girl should bring a meal fer two and then at half past  
    nine  
Each couple would attack their lunch, and *tete-a-tete* must  
    dine.

The plan discussed, it was approved with no discordin' note  
And unanimous it carried when it was put to vote.  
Committees was appinted, the aid of all to seek,  
And the date fer it decided, come Thursday night a week.  
Now, commonly, the Corners was jist a trifle dull,  
But in anticipation of that necktie sociabul  
The place tuk on a differ'nt air and every one allowed  
How the doin's's at Simpkins would be sure to bring a crowd.

Of all young men around these parts perhaps there was n't  
    one  
Received such marked attention as Philander Philabaum,  
Fer he had come from Bladensburg, the village school to teach  
And had been voted by the girls a veritable peach.  
His hair was black and shiny like, he allers kep' it 'iled ;  
His teeth with plugs o' re-al gold showed ev'ry time he smiled ;  
His collar was of celluloid, his shirt front stiff and white ;  
No wonder that the ladies deemed Philander "out o' sight."



## THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

Now, all the girls was anxious this pedagogue to win,  
And when Melissa Jones was teased she'd jist begin to grin,  
Which seemed to sort o' intermate a mootual understandin'  
'Twixt her and Phil existed, which give her the place com-  
mandin';  
And it must be admitted she 'peared to hev the lead,  
Fer Mary Ellen Higgins seemed to lack Melissa's speed.

But Mary Ellen had a voice as sweet as any bird,  
When she'd sing "Rock o' Ages," upon my sacred word  
You'd hev to bresh yer eyes a bit, it was so very fetchin',  
And every one'd be in tears, jist seemed like it was ketchin'.  
She played the organ and was first surpranor in the choir,  
While Mary Ellen's paw hed been fer long the village squire.

Melissa weighed her rival's claims and what did most alarm  
her  
Was the thought that Higgins was a squire, her father but a  
farmer.  
"But then," she mused, with some conceit, and drew an easy  
breath,  
"When looks is once considered, I've got her skinned to  
death."

Melissa was quite foxy, and never lost a chance  
To down her hated rival; when by lucky circumstance  
Philander happened in the store and slipped upon Meliss  
While the clerk was measurin' fer her, ten yards o' dotted  
swiss.



## THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

"Aw, now," says she, impatient like, "I do n't think it's quite  
fair

A spyin' on a girl like this to see what she might wear

Next Thursday night, so you may know jist what necktie to  
choose."

But secretly did she rejoice, and felt she could n't lose,

Fer Phil would know she'd wear that swiss without her really  
tellin',

And her necktie would surely buy; what chance had Mary  
Ellen?

Meliss, of her position, felt that she was most secure;

That Phil would buy that dotted swiss she now was doubly  
sure,

Fer how he smiled when on the street they met by accident,

Says he, "I've got you spotted!" "Sure, 't was *spotted swiss*  
he meant."

Thus mused Melissa to herself with greatest satisfaction,

As she surveyed within the glass each separate attraction.

"And then," she chuckled to herself, her little head a swellin',

"How envious other girls will be, pertic'ly Mary Ellen."

Well, Thursday dawned both bright and fair and there was  
much excitement

To know whose dress matched each cravat, but there seemed  
no enlightenment;

The ties were placed within the care o' winsome Widder  
Mull,

And things looked quite auspicious fer the necktie sociabul.



*The clerk was measurin' fer her, ten yards o' dotted swiss*







## THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

Scores of ties were there displayed of every shade and kelor,  
Red and blue and pink and white and some were lemon yellor.  
But, oh! most fateful circumstance, that boded ill, alack!  
Two ties of swiss hung on the line and *both were dotted  
black!*

Quite late it was when M'lissa Jones, as stately as a queen,  
Walked in the church at Simpkins's, important and serene.  
Folks was there from miles around, a hundred—more or less,  
An' it was freely voted a most wonderful success.

But as she looked in vain fer Phil, what was her consternation  
To see before her, Billy Pool, with face all animation,  
And her swiss tie around his neck; she seemed bereft o' power,  
"C-c-c-come on," says Billy, "I hev looked fer you fer more 'n  
a hour.

"I th-th-th-thought this tie 'at it belonged to M-M-M-Mary  
Ellen Higgins,  
Fer she 'd the only dress like it there w-w-w-was aroun' these  
diggin's;  
But when I see Ph-Ph-Ph-Phil Philabaum a wearin' one the  
same,  
An' on the ends o' this 'n the 'n-n-n-nitials o' yore name,  
Why, then the thought it c-c-c-c-comes to me, 'M. J.' meant  
M-M-M-M'lissa Jones."  
But Billy's only answer was some low discordant moans.  
Fer Billy was n't over bright, an' it mus' be admitted  
Thet some the folks at Simpkins's considered him half-witted.

## THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

But worse than this and worst of all, she had but jist diskivered  
Her Phil and Mary Ellen, too! oh, mercy! how she shivered.  
Phil was there in long-tailed coat, who could resist his charm?  
And *Mary Ellen Higgins was a hangin' on his arm!*  
How lovin'ly she looked at Phil as with his tie she toyed,  
Endeavorin' to adjust it around his celluloid.

Now, goaded unto frenzy, Melissa lost her head,  
She marched up to her rival and this is what she said:  
"You nasty, hateful, spiteful thing!" such was her exclamation,  
"I'll have you know that that's my tie!" she spoke with animation;  
"You thought you'd steal him, didn't you?" She sure had up her dander;  
She seized her recreant lover's arm, and says, "Come on, Philander."

You know sometimes that worms may turn when pushed beyond endurance,  
Now Mary Ellen's spunk was 'roused at M'lissa's self-assurance,  
And so she seized Phil's other arm and she began to claw,  
Remarkin' that "Possession is nine p'int's of the law."

My! how they pulled an' struck an' scratched, and when the war was ended  
They looked, all three, a sorry sight and ready to be mended.





*My! how they pulled an' struck an' scratched!*





## THE NECKTIE SOCIAL

Poor Phil fared worst, his sleeves were gone, his long frock  
coat was tattered,

His nose was peeled, his lip was cut, and nerves were badly  
shattered.

As fer Meliss, poor simple thing, her vision bright of bliss  
Had vanished as completely as had that dotted swiss;  
Fer honestly, there was n't left enough to make a tie;  
Her 'pearance so immodest was, I hed to close one eye.

Mary Ellen better fared, though much the worse fer wear,  
Fer she received a scratch or two and lost a bunch o' hair;  
But Simpkins all decided thet she was in the right,  
And so, too, did Philander, who saw her home that night.

Well, the sociabul was ended but they never could efface  
The stain upon the Simpkins Church and consequent disgrace,  
And Melissa never dared again aspire to win the teacher,  
And forever necktie sociabuls was barred out by the preacher.  
But Parson Whart to Conf'rence went, his sal'ry paid in full,  
Fer this was jist the proceeds of the necktie sociabul;  
And now, as I look back at it, it seems so very funny,  
And though the Parson's barred 'em out, fer once he got his  
money.



### TO A FRIEND BACK EAST

A WAY back East where you live,  
Where the icy breezes blow,  
And the lakes freeze fast and the winter's blast  
Drives down the eddying snow;  
Do you think sometimes of me, dear,  
'Way out on the Western Slope,  
Where the sun shines bright from morn till night?  
You do, my dear, I hope.



TO A FRIEND BACK EAST

I think of you each day, dear,  
And I wish that you might see  
This fairy-land and you 'd understand  
Why it so appeals to me.  
The air so pure and fragrant  
With the breath of the flowers a-bloom,  
The mountains high as they pierce the sky,  
And we all have plenty of room.

I think of you back there, dear,  
In the city's teeming marts,  
Its crowded malls and its busy stalls  
And its horde of aching hearts.  
While here we are all so free, dear,  
We laugh and we shout and sing  
In this great out-doors, on the sandy shores,  
In this land of eternal spring.

Away back there where you live,  
My love goes out to you;  
And though miles apart you must know my heart  
Will ever remain as true  
As when together back there, dear,  
And there's nothing can break the tie  
Of friendship like ours, and 'midst snow or flowers  
It shall linger till we die.

## DON'T

*My father tells me—*

TO NEVER drink nor never smoke,  
To never tell a naughty joke,  
To never handle cards or dice,  
To always shun all forms of vice.

Taboo the girls and never dance,  
To never play a game of chance,  
To never flirt and never go  
To see a bathing beauty show.

In my canoe to never take  
A maiden rowing on the lake,  
Nor take a chance my Ford to wreck  
By holding hands or playing "neck."

I wonder just what fun he had  
When he was young. My poor old dad.





## THE DERELICT

AS RAPT in holiest reverie,  
Thy dear sweet face comes back to me,  
I pause on Life's sad voyage, and  
Beside thee once again I stand  
Upon the shores of Youth's bright land.

Then would I clasp thee to my heart  
And bid thee nevermore depart,  
But sail the ages through with me,  
Upon my bark—content to be  
Thy pilot o'er Life's troubled sea.

## THE DERELICT

But now I stand and gazing back  
Upon the billow's foamy track,  
Half shipwrecked and alone, I see  
The wrecks I've caused—the misery  
I've brought to those who sailed with me.

I'm but a bubble on Life's tide;  
Far back upon the mountain-side  
Thy sparkling gladsome wave I see  
Come dashing down so blithe and free  
In all its crystal purity.

But ere thou reach me I'll be swept  
Beyond thy grasp, where all is kept  
In ocean's vast eternity.  
Alas, thou canst not course with me  
The waters of Life's boundless sea.

As brooklets on the mountain-side,  
Wouldst we had met, ne'er to divide,  
But mingled in one joyous theme,  
United coursed—a sparkling stream  
Forever on in Love's young dream.





*Come dashing down so blithe and free*



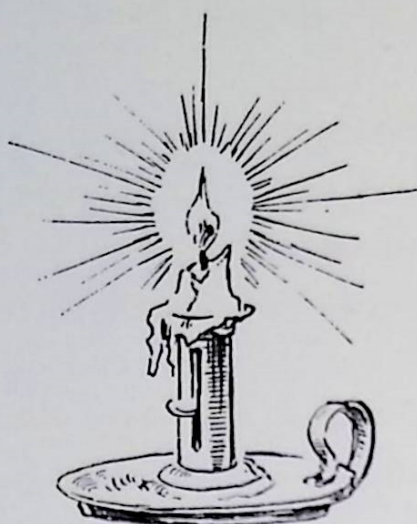


## THE DERELICT

Oh, wave of beauty! e'en the sun  
Ne'er fairer shone, thou heavenly one!  
Most glorious be thy bright career,  
Throughout Fame's most resplendent sphere,  
Why shouldst thou seek to have *me* near?

For I am naught, I feel I must  
Soon sink to nothingness and dust;  
Whilst thou art yet within thy prime,  
Forgot will be my name and rhyme,  
But thine shall live throughout all time.





### THE CHAMPION OPTIMISTS

ON A stretcher poor Jerry was carried  
To the hospital under the hill,  
Where the doctors were met to dissect him,  
For be it known Jerry was ill.

They stretched Jerry out on a table,  
At his head anesthetics were hurled  
Until Jerry's deep treble assured them  
That Jerry was dead to the world.

Then, quick with the lancet and scalpel  
An incision was speedily made,  
The *vermis* appendix exposing  
Which was promptly removed with a blade.



## THE CHAMPION OPTIMISTS

A kidney was next to be taken,  
For out of its orbit it swung;  
They took a gall-stone from the bladder  
And chopped off a piece of his lung.

What was left of poor Jerry was sewed up  
Beneath his cadaverous chest,  
But whether he 'd live till the morrow  
Was a problem too hard to be guessed.

When the cutting and slashing was ended  
A satisfied smile played on each  
Of the *medicos'* brows, all agreeing  
That the job they had done was a peach.

Of course, Jerry might n't be living  
At dawn, but that would n't impair  
The success of the late operation,  
Of that they were willing to swear.

Poor Jerry, returned to his senses,  
Was filled with delirious joy  
When the doctor assured him with vigor,  
" 'Twas entirely successful, my boy."

THE CHAMPION OPTIMISTS

Next morning, with fever appalling  
And pulse beating one-thirty-nine,  
Responding to Jerry's inquiry,  
The answer came, "You're doing fine."

At night with the temperature rising  
And the pulse marking one-fifty-three,  
Again came the suave assurance,  
"You're getting on fine as can be."

He asked the head-nurse when he'd likely  
Be able to leave. The old song  
Was wafted back ever so gently,  
"Oh, you wo'n't be here very long."

And when a new day dawned, poor Jerry's  
Articulate powers had passed.  
His question unuttered was answered,  
"You're getting along mighty fast."

And when the nurse came back at sunset  
With the greeting, expressed with a laugh,  
"You'll be able to leave soon," poor Jerry'd  
Been dead just an hour and a half.





*"Oh, you won't be here very long"*







### SINCE WILLIE DIED

THE grass is withered and lies dead,  
The leaves are faded overhead,  
The rose has lost its brilliant red,  
Since Willie died.

The feathered songsters that have thrilled  
Our senses with their songs, and filled  
Our ears with music—all are stilled,  
Since Willie died.

The sun stays hid behind the cloud,  
The winds they moan and sigh aloud,  
All nature seems to wear a shroud,  
Since Willie died.

SINCE WILLIE DIED

Sepulchral sounds break on the still  
And ghost-like silence which doth fill  
The house, so cold and damp and chill,  
Since Willie died.

I hie me to a lonely mound,  
And prostrate there upon the ground  
I pray for comfort—none is found—  
Since Willie died.

'Tis hard to bow to God's decree,  
My heart like lead appears to be,  
My life is drear and sad; ah, me!  
Since Willie died.







### RETROSPECTION

AS I sit all alone in my room, dear,  
In this far away southern clime,  
With the rain beating hard at my casement,  
I am deluged with thoughts most sublime ;  
And my mind wanders back to the past, dear,  
As the stag wanders down to the brook,  
And I drink deep of memory's sweets, love,  
And I see you in every look.

## RETROSPECTION

Yes, I see you, I hear you, I feel you,  
Omnipresent as was Banquo's ghost,  
I see that dear face in my dreams, love,  
Clearly outlined in front of the host,  
As you looked in that sweet olden time, dear,  
When heart spoke to heart, and my soul  
Brimming over with raptures etherial  
Betrayed love I could not control.

My heart was to you as a book, dear,  
Which is printed in letters most plain,  
Not a thought but was mutually shared, dear,  
Ne'er a secret could either retain.  
Now your voice in soft cadences rippling  
Comes back from those dear days gone by,  
And I listen to rhapsodies sweet, love,  
So familiar to both you and I.

Half asleep, dear, and verging on Dreamland,  
I open my eyes with a start,  
Expecting again to behold you  
And clasp you, love, close to my heart.  
For, as I sit nodding and napping  
I feel a hand pressing my head,  
Dear fingers whose touch so electric  
Would startle me though I were dead,





*"Half asleep, dear, and verging on Dreamland"*





## RETROSPECTION

Are coursing their way through my tresses,  
And lips pressed to lips once again  
Have metamorphosed me completely  
And well nigh bewildered my brain.  
But, fully awake, now, these day dreams  
But serve to give striking contrast  
To this unfeeling world of the present  
And that of the dear happy past.

As a child views the narrow horizon  
And bounds this old earth by its sight,  
So my world was the world of a child, dear,  
Though a world most immeasurably bright.  
But as morning dew on the rosebud  
Disappears in the glow of the sun,  
So the sophistries vain, dear, of childhood  
Are sadly effaced, one by one.

And though my horizon has widened,  
There is nothing so sweet to me, dear,  
As these moments of quiet reflection  
Which bring you so close to me here.  
And so I am sitting alone, love,  
And pondering over the past  
And living again in my mind, dear,  
Those days far too happy to last.

## RETROSPECTION

I know not what waits on my future,  
But it would be Heaven for me  
If St. Peter would kindly consent, dear,  
Throughout all of Eternity,  
To let us go back to the past, love ;  
I am sure I would never complain  
If we, through perennial ages  
Could live o'er those sweet days again.







### A WOMAN'S ANSWER

YOU say you love me, well, no doubt  
    You do, in boyish fashion;  
And vow without me life is naught,  
    With reckless dash and passion.  
You press me to your boyish heart  
    And clasp your arms about me,  
And swear that only death shall part  
    Or make you live without me.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER

In this blind ecstasy so sweet,  
    Caresses soft benumb me,  
And as our lips in kisses meet,  
    Emotions overcome me.  
And gazing in your earnest eyes,  
    Those orbs so frank and youthful,  
'Tis hard, indeed, to realize  
    You'd ever prove untruthful.

Could I but know I'd always keep  
    You free from vain ambition,  
Contentedly I'd cease to weep  
    And list to your petition.  
But ah, the frailty of man's heart,  
    I know you are but human,  
And love to man is but a *part*,  
    'Tis *all there is of woman*.

Your horizon is small today,  
    The world you know but slightly;  
Affliction, care and sorrow weigh  
    Upon your shoulders lightly.  
Today's intents may be replaced  
    By morrow's indecision,  
When life's realities once faced  
    Have broadened much your vision.





*"Love to man is but a part, 'tis all there is of woman."*





### A WOMAN'S ANSWER

And beauty fades as does the rose,  
Youth's spring too soon will perish;  
Oh, would you love 'midst winters' snows  
Or cease your vows to cherish?  
I think your boyish heart is pure  
As are the stars above me,  
But fear the world's seductive lure  
Might make you cease to love me.

My woman's heart and woman's love  
Are not for sacrificing,  
And faithfulness ranks far above  
Mere words, howe'er enticing.  
So, wait until time proves but true  
Your fiery vows which thrill me,  
For should I give my all to you,  
Neglect would surely kill me.





## THE GOLDEN KEY

I FELL asleep in my easy chair  
And I dreamed that I knelt at the gate  
Of Paradise, and an angel fair  
Bade me rise and my mission state.

I arose enraptured, my eyes in tears ;  
Sheer ecstasy filled my soul,  
Celestial music fell on my ears  
As I stood at the Heavenly goal.

"Please open, I pray, the portals wide  
And bring me my harp of gold,"  
Said I, to the angel at my side,  
"I am anxious to enter the fold."



## THE GOLDEN KEY

"Ah, the gate is for thee to unlock," said he;  
His eyes with compassion were filled—  
"Thou comest afar, hast thou not the key?"  
(And it seemed that my pulses stilled)

"The golden key that is forged by prayer,  
That is welded by sacrifice,  
That is tempered by faith and fitted with care  
For the gates to Paradise?"

\* \* \* \* \*

I awoke with a start from my easy chair  
As the bells were ringing for evening prayer.







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### MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

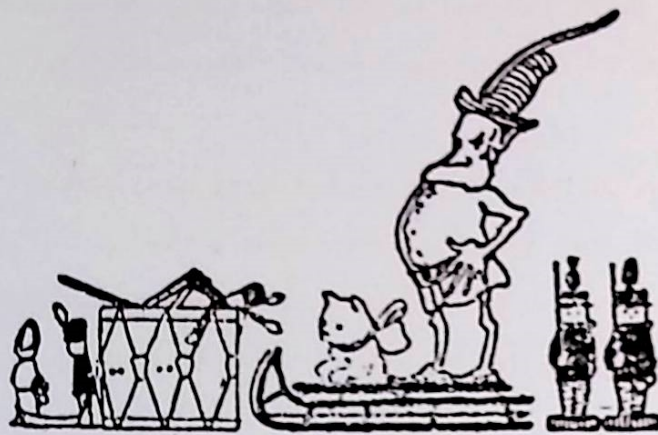
THE silvery gleam of the moon on the snow  
Bejeweled like diamonds the plain,  
As Santa Claus drew up his reindeer and sled  
By the house at the end of the lane.

A little bit late was old Santa this night,  
For surely there never before  
Had been such a lot of good boys and girls  
To provide for from out of his store.



*As Santa Claus drew up his reindeer and sled*





MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Although very tired and a little bit cross,  
This chimney he never could miss,  
For hadn't he called here on each Christmas eve  
For four winters previous to this?

The first year a rattle and small woolen cap  
Had been left for the sweet little tot,  
While next year a teddy bear covered with fur,  
And of candy and nuts, such a lot.

Then a picture book, jacket and real winter shoes,  
And last year a drum and a sled,  
While tonight he had brought in his generous pack  
Enough gifts to turn any boy's head.

For this little friend of old Santa's was good,  
Unselfish, so sweet, undefiled,  
And nothing on earth pleases Santa so much  
As a loving obedient child.

He smiled with delight as he thought of the lad  
And the pleasures the morrow would bring,  
As into the chimney his body he squeezed  
And dropped to the hearth with a bing!



## MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

He emerged from the grate but to find the room cold ;  
    No fire, and but feebly the light  
Of a struggling moonbeam penetrated the gloom,  
    Revealing a counterpane white.

The little bed stood where it always had stood,  
    But where was the jacket and waist,  
The panties and shoes and the little wool cap ;  
    Could it be they had all been misplaced ?

Now, silently, Santa Claus crept near the bed ;  
    It was empty ; oh, what could it mean ?  
The jacket and gown lay folded with care  
    On the pillows so spotless and clean.

The teddy bear lay on his face prone and still,  
    A tin soldier stood silent on guard,  
By his side two wee shoes worn through at the toes,  
    A picture book, top and a card.

Behind every chair and in under the bed  
    Santa peered here and there, near and far,  
Till he finally peeped through the crack of a door  
    Which was standing but slightly ajar.

MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A few dying embers burned low in the grate,  
Before it, sad eyed sat a man,  
While the sputtering coals illumined the face,  
Allowing good Santa to scan

Haggard features that gazed in the embers and read  
In kaleidoscope shapes in the fire  
The remembrance of joys all too happy to last,  
Joys the greatest to which men aspire.

He was living again in the days of the past;  
He was pressing a kiss to the face  
Of his baby; the white arms encircled his neck  
As of yore in a tender embrace.

He was hearing the songs, the laughter and shouts  
Of a dear little voice now so still.  
The embers grown weaker, the vision has passed,  
And submissive he bows to God's will.

And kneeling beside him, her arms and her head  
Pillowed fast in the lap of the man,  
Was a woman heart-broken, who held her lips pressed  
To a dear little stocking of tan.



MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Then old Santa Claus wept, for he now understood,  
And so, softly closing the door,  
He scratched his old head in an effort to think  
For fully ten minutes or more.

At last, he excitedly dived in his pack  
And brought forth a beautiful card  
With a text worked in letters of crimson and gold  
Tied with ribbon—at least a full yard.

Tiptoeing, he laid it where always before  
Had rested that dear little head,  
Then quietly mounting the chimney again  
He dashed out of sight in his sled.

The fire in the grate dwindled low and expired,  
The man sank to sleep in his chair;  
With her eyes on the mantel, the woman arose  
And sighed at a nail driven there.

She clasped baby's stocking close, close to her breast,  
Stole softly away in the gloom,  
And op'ning the door she passed silently through  
To her darling's untenanted room.





*Her head pillowed fast in the lap of the man*



MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Behold! on the pillow the card she discerned  
Dear Santa had called as of yore!  
To bring blessed hope from the Father above  
And bind up the wounds that were sore.

She read as she paused by the side of the bed  
In the moonlight but dim and uneven—  
"Suffer little children to come unto Me, \* \* \*  
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."







### THE 'BELL OF ST. BRIDGETS

OH, HAVE you ne'er visited Pimlico town  
And noted its quiet repose,  
The absence of strife in its every-day life  
That greets one wherever he goes ?  
Have you heard of St. Bridgets and gazed on its spire  
With its shimmering cross of bright gold,  
A church of renown, the pride of the town,  
And nearly two centuries old ?

THE BELL OF ST. BRIDGETS

And have you ne'er listened to St. Bridgets' bell  
That has swung for near two hundred years  
From the rafters so old, heard the tale it has told  
Of happiness, sorrow and tears?  
It speaks sympathetically, plainly it states  
Whatever it may have to tell  
Of happiness, gladness, sorrow or sadness;  
Oh, list to the song of the bell—

Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!  
War's alarm is in every strain!  
In accents most dire, it tells of the fire  
Of the British on Lexington's plain.  
It calls the brave colonists forth to the fray,  
It blanches the cheek of the wife;  
How sadly it moans, what awe in its tones,  
As it tells of the forthcoming strife.

Gling-a-ling, cling-a-ling, cling-a-ling, cling!  
Oh, what a strange contrast is here,  
As from its brass throat each melodious note  
Is wafted to every ear.  
It shouts that a vict'ry at Yorktown is won,  
It tells in tones joyous and true  
Of Cornwallis' surrender to the noble defender  
Of Yankeedom's red, white and blue.



THE BELL OF ST. BRIDGETS

Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ling!  
'Tis a wedding symphony grand,  
And the joyful refrain is caught up by the twain  
And echoed on every hand.  
Its resonant sounds reverberate clear,  
A rich benediction to shed  
O'er the lives of this fair and happy young pair  
Who stand at the altar to wed.

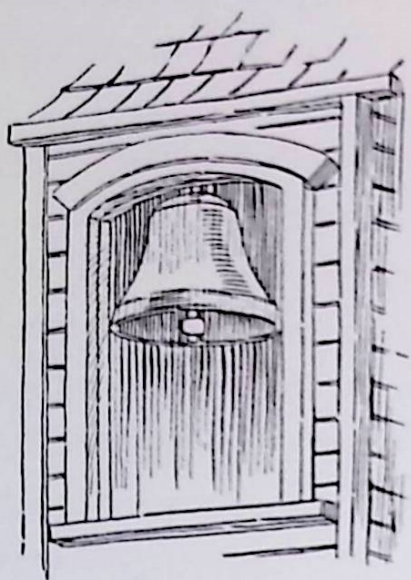
Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang!  
Once again comes that note of concern;  
The church is on fire and already the spire  
Of St. Bridgets commences to burn!  
Up dashes a hero, the steeple to scale!  
Up! up! while the multitudes chafe;  
To the watchers' amaze, he reaches the blaze  
And they shout that St. Bridgets is safe!

Cling-clang, cling-clang, cling-clang, cling-clang!  
On Sabbath day how its peals roll;  
Oh, heed its behests for its voice but attests  
The fate of a recreant soul.  
In stentorian tones it gives warning fair;  
No mistaking the voice of that bell;  
Oh, sinner relent, for unless you repent  
Your soul will be tortured in hell.



*'To the watchers' amaze, he reaches the blaze*





## THE BELL OF ST. BRIDGETS

Toll, toll, toll, toll, toll!

And its muffled notes tell of the gloom  
Of the poor breaking heart of one called on to part  
From its mate laid away in the tomb.  
Its voice, almost human, seems burdened with woe,  
As it sobs out its wail of despair;  
'Tis hard, O my God! to place under the sod  
All that life holds to be the most fair.

In sickness, in health, in trouble or joy,  
A warm sympathizer you'll find,  
For this hoary old bell doth but echo so well  
The deep hidden wants of the mind.  
'Tis surrounded by halos to us the most dear,  
Our ancestors cherished it well;  
We'll guard it with care, and this be our prayer  
That its tongue sounds our funeral knell.





## THE PASSING OF JACKY SPRAT

JACKY Sprat was short and fat,  
His wife was tall and lean;  
Jack liked to shirk, she did the work  
And kept things slick and clean.

Once did she tire; Jack made the fire  
And used the gasoline—  
Puff! bang! a blaze! a smoky haze!  
Jack's never since benzine.

## THE FERRY

THERE'S a land beyond, a brighter land,  
A realm of eternal bliss  
That is linked by faith as our souls are linked  
By a ferry route with this.

The river seems dark and deep and wide,  
But our boat is staunch and true,  
But our Pilot is sure and we can depend  
On Him steering us safely through.

To loved ones 't is hard to say "good-bye;"  
From partings like this we shrink;  
And hearts are bowed with the weight of woe  
As we come to the river's brink.

But alone we must pass o'er the desolate stream,  
And though the river be wide,  
Though eyes be dim, by faith we may see  
That Home on the other side.





## THE GOBLINS' HALLOWE'EN

'T WAS Hallowe'en, and Louisa  
Had crawled in her little bed  
And carefully tucked the coverlet  
Over her curly head;  
For she had heard of the witches  
Who fly on their broomstick steeds  
To frolic in the churchyard  
And perform their mystic deeds



*From her imperilled position, she could see everything that took place*



## THE GOBLINS' HALLOWE'EN

As she said to the wondering lassie,  
    "Come, jump on my steed with me  
And I'll whisk you away to the churchyard,  
    To the goblins' jubilee."  
And the child, too frightened to disobey,  
    Just jumped on the witch's steed,  
As out of the window they scampered  
    At almost incredible speed.

Over the trees and the house-tops,  
    'With her arms 'round the witch's waist,  
They soared like a giant flamingo,  
    Nor paused in their furious haste  
Till the gray sombre church was encountered,  
    And onto the roof they flew  
'Where a wonderful apparition  
    'Was exposed to the maiden's view.

There were bogies and ghosts and hob-goblins,  
    And a dwarf with a curious head,  
There were little round-bellied brownies  
    Making gay in this home of the dead;  
And sitting, legs crossed on a gravestone,  
    'Was an elf with a fiddle and bow  
A' playing the liveliest music,  
    Such as no mortal ever could know.

## THE GOBLINS' HALLOWE'EN

As the strains of the spirited music  
    Were wafted about on the breeze,  
And lights from the gay jack-o'-lanterns  
    Gleamed bright through the boughs of the trees,  
The music grew fast and then faster  
    And the sprites jumped about in their glee,  
Turning somersaults, handsprings and flip-flaps;  
    Such antics you never did see.

Louisa was now all excitement,  
    And though nearly chilled to the bone,  
She pulled her night robe close about her  
    And seated herself on a stone  
That protruded from under the tower,  
    Her feet dangling off into space,  
But from her imperilled position  
    She could see everything that took place.

Her gaze settled fast on the revels,  
    She gave not a heed to the hour  
Until right at her side came the clanging  
    Of the bell in the gloomy church tower.  
As it struck, with a fright most appalling,  
    She jumped, and she loosened her hold  
And fell—no, not to the churchyard—  
    She fell to the floor, I am told.



## THE GOBLINS' HALLOWE'EN

But the crash had awakened her mamma  
Who rushed in the room with a light  
As Louisa was rubbing her peepers,  
Emerging from out of her fright.  
And though she was bruised but a trifle,  
She vowed that in future she'd try  
To curb gastronomic ambitions  
At supper, when eating mince pie.





*Louisa was rubbing her peepers*





## MARY'S LAMB

MARY had a little lamb,  
Its wool was dark and greasy,  
It followed her to school one day  
And slipped in very easy.  
And though the kids did laugh and shout,  
Right sore it made the teacher;  
She shooed the sheepy out of doors  
And kicked the little creature.

Right patiently that ram did wait  
The teacher's reappearing;  
When school dismissed at four that night,  
The teacher, nothing fearing  
Had started down the schoolhouse steps;  
The lamb was all attention—  
He took a header, struck her fair,  
Just where, I shall not mention.

Heels over somersault she went,  
It really was quite shocking;  
A flying meteor she looked  
Of filmy lace and stocking.  
The scholars laughed their fool selves sick,  
Each single little sinner,  
While off the mantel teacher takes  
Now, every day, her dinner.





### A DUAL PERSONALITY

WHEN years ago I met her, life took on a different hue ;  
This maid with golden tresses seemed as pure as  
morning dew.

Her face was fair to look upon, her eyes were filled with love  
And she radiated sunshine direct from realms above.

Her smile was like a seraph's, her voice was low and sweet,  
She was dainty, she was winsome, from her forehead to her  
feet.

How I loved the little lassie and I knew that she loved me ;  
How she smiled when e'er she saw me, how her eyes would  
dance with glee.

She anticipated always every want and wish of mine  
And she ministered unto me in a way that was divine.

## A DUAL PERSONALITY

Appreciative ever was she of what was done  
And when she 'd say, "O dearie, you 're the best and only one,"

My heart was all a quiver and my pulse beat very fast,  
And I wondered if such happiness as this would always last.

\* \* \* \* \*

But there came a day when shadows lurked upon her placid  
brow,

And my acts of sheer endearment seem repulsive to her now ;

Though she knows my love has strengthened with the passing  
of the years,

And though I'm all devotion, it appears to me she fears,

I should see in her the human ; and her former tender ways  
Are replaced by harsh avowals, the reverse of other days

When harmonious our hearts beat and the love shone from  
her eyes,

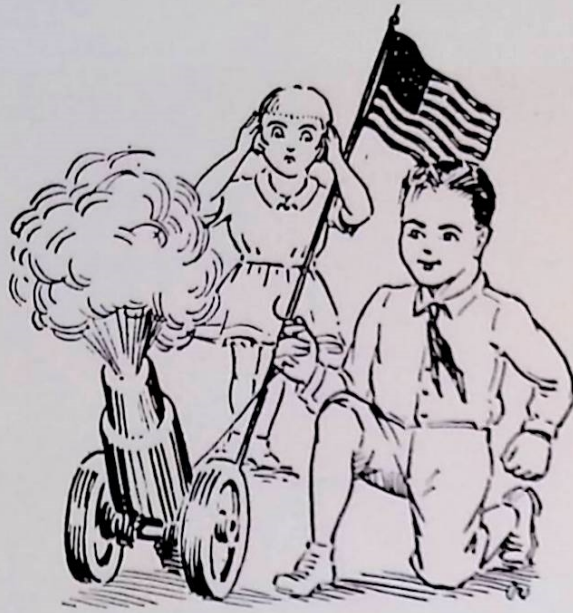
And her face beamed with the radiance of the southern summer  
skies.

And I'm gazing at her portrait and my eyes are all a blur,  
And I find myself a wondering *which one was really her?*

Was it really she the angel, or this last of haughty pride ?  
As different from each other as Jeckyl is from Hyde.

And gazing on her features 't is the former that I see  
And I'll love her, ever love her, *for what she used to be.*

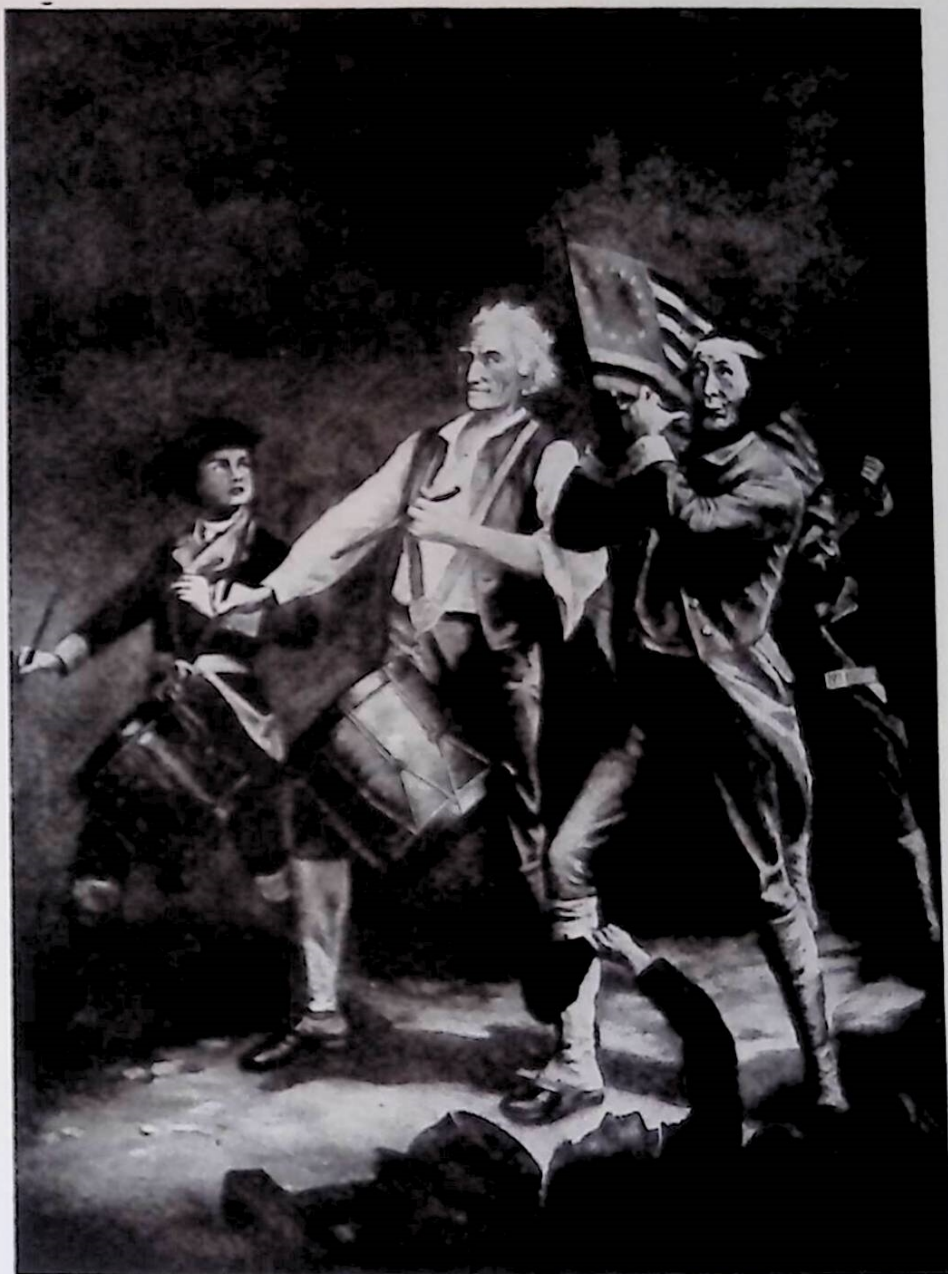




## THE SESQUI-GENTENNIAL

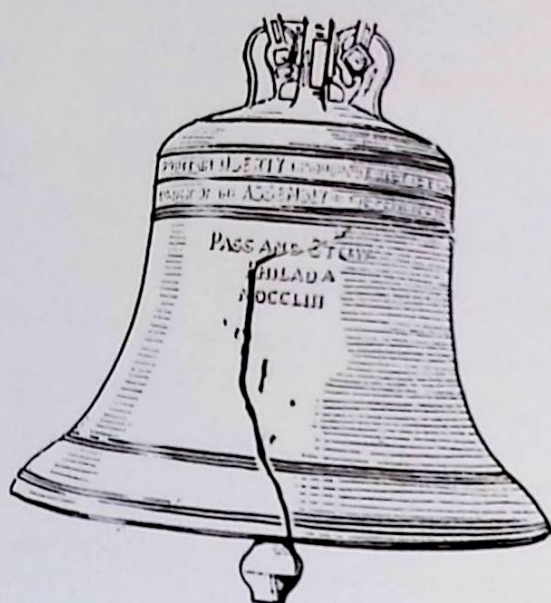
Written for and delivered at a patriotic meeting of the Wesley Brotherhood  
of Trinity M. E. Church, Los Angeles, on the eve of July 4th, 1926

LORD God of nations, Judge of valorous deeds,  
Whose mighty arm hath ever led  
Thy people victors through each conflict grim,  
Though battle-fields with strife were red,  
Though deep-mouthed guns belched forth their fire and shell  
And seas' breast felt the cannon's voice,  
Its thunders loud did pierce the earth and sky  
Till foes cried "Peace!" They had no choice.



*Spirit of '76*





THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

Do Thou, who art the Spirit of the earth,  
Smile Thy approval on our cheers  
Commemorating Freedom's birth, ago  
A century and fifty years.  
Unfurl Old Glory, let it proudly wave  
From every spire and mast-head gay,  
Let fife and drum their liveliest music make  
This glorious Independence Day.

Oh, fairest land that lies beneath the sun,  
Thy valleys redolent with fruit and vine,  
Thy lofty mountains reaching to the skies,  
Thy streamlets fringed with palm and pine,  
Thy prairies golden with the ripening grain,  
Thy mills and looms make music sweet,  
Thy lowing herds upon the hill and plain  
Combine to make the symphony complete.

Oh, peaceful land that spreads from sea to sea,  
Oh, land where friends are true and brave,  
America, thy praises I shall sing,  
Thy stars and stripes forever wave.  
My Country, God hath favor shown to thee,  
And thou hast wisdom shown the world;  
And merciful hath grown with added power  
As tyrants from high places thou hast hurled.



## THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL

Without, thou hast no fear of any foe,  
The danger threatens from within;  
Instill in us respect for all thy laws,  
Abhorrence for the curse of gin.  
Endowed with power to exercise the will  
Of major force at ballot-box,  
Teach us that to neglect this right to win  
Is greatest of our stumbling blocks.

Pray freedom, peace and progress ever may  
Abide with us throughout the years,  
And love and sympathy replace the day  
Of internecine strife and tears.  
With all men free, the shackles thrown away,  
One blood, one flag, one universal plan,  
Our hands clasped tight in loving comradeship  
Attest the Brotherhood of Man.



### THE REFORMER

THESE flappers today,  
So immodest are they  
That they brazenly flaunt all their charms;  
What you see at the beach  
Fairly baffles your speech—  
Bare legs, bare necks and bare arms.  
In the good days of yore,  
Their mothers, they wore  
Both bloomers and stockings, that's true;  
Also, if you please,  
A skirt reaching the knees.  
Now I'd like to see that, would n't you?



## THE REFORMER

When our mothers were girls  
They wore beautiful curls,  
And their hair was their pride and their joy;  
This is now done away  
By the "bobs" of today  
Till it's hard to tell them from a boy.  
And the "knicks" that they wear,  
Causing Johnnies to stare,  
I think quite immodest, I do;  
The girls of our day,  
So prudish were they—  
*Now I'd like to see that, wouldn't you?*

Now the boy with a flivver  
Asks his girl, can he give her  
A ride to the mountains or wood;  
Without e'en a quiver  
She jumps in his flivver;  
Now, tell me, d'ye think that she should?  
When a boy asked his girl  
To go for a whirl  
In the days when the "side-bars" were new,  
To protect her from harm  
Along went her marm;  
*Now I'd like to see that, wouldn't you?*



*Without e'en a quiver, she jumps in his flover*



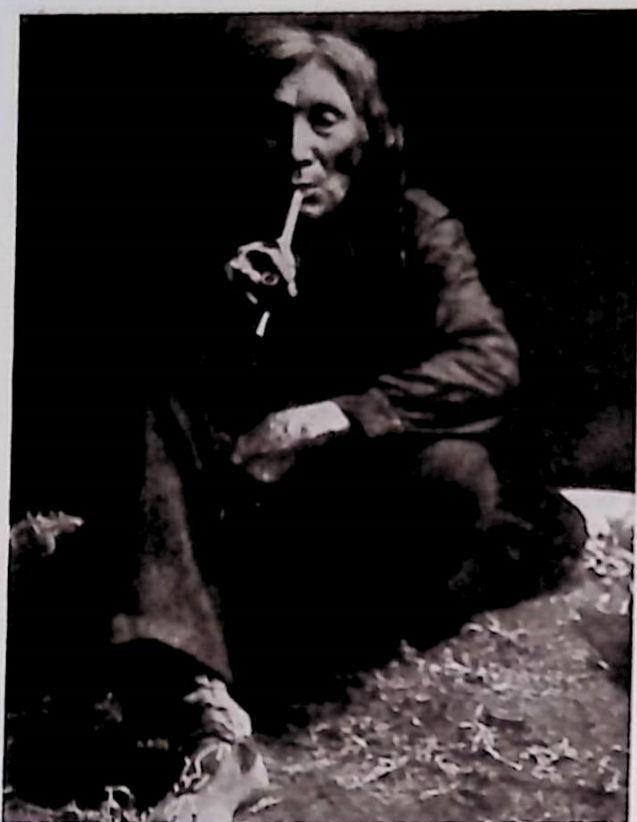


THE REFORMER

With their smokes and their drinks,  
Their breath fairly stinks  
Like that of a hobo or bum;  
They've no use for a man  
Unless the guy can  
From his hip pull a bottle of rum.  
I oft wonder why  
They wear dresses so high,  
Exposing so much to our view;  
Mother's dresses would stop  
Right at the shoe top;  
Now I'd like to see that, would n't you?

They say in Paree  
At the gay *Bergere*  
That the girls wear but rouge and a smile;  
Now, when I get there  
I'll buy me a chair  
Right down in the front centre aisle.  
But do n't on your life  
Let this get to my wife,  
For I do n't know just what I should do  
If she found that her mate  
Had jumped over the gate—  
But—I'd like to see *that*, would n't you?





### THE PASSING RACE

FOREVER gone the council fires  
That once lit up the steep,  
That stirred the souls of our brave sires  
Before their last long sleep.

And gone the spirit of our race,  
As nations, soon we will have passed;  
As once we were, but little trace  
Remains, and soon will come the last.

### THE PASSING RACE

We were the children of the earth,  
But we have signed away our right  
To all that's ours by right of birth;  
And now creeps on the pall of night.

Our hunting grounds are ripe with grain,  
Our parted braves and honored dead  
Are sleeping where they long have lain  
But desecrated is their bed.

To ages past my heart belongs,  
I smoke my pipe of peace to all,  
Forgetful of the pale-face wrongs  
And wait for the Great Spirit's call.





## THE PATCHWORK QUILT

YES, Nancy, we'll hev to git busy  
An' put everything in its place,  
Fer our darter's a' comin' termorrer,  
An' I'm sure it would be a disgrace  
Not to hev things in apple pie order,  
Fer well you remember, I know  
'Fore Emmy was married, she used ter  
A' keep things a' lookin' jist so.





*"Emmy"*



THE PATCHWORK QUILT

Less see, how long is it, mother  
Sense Emmy's bin married an' gone?  
It mus' be some ten er twelve summers  
Sense she hes bin hitched up to John.  
'What! nigh onto twenty, you tell me?  
'Well, well, it do n't seem it ken be;  
'Why, 'pears like it's jist a few seasons  
Sense I trotted thet chile on my knee.

An' now she's a fam'ly her own self;  
There's Billy an' Harry an' Buck—  
Makes four, with the baby Elviry,  
An' raised 'em all down in Kentuck'.  
My, how the years fly, do n't they, mother?  
Jist seems like a few years ago  
Sense I went a' courtin' you, Nancy;  
'Remember how proud o' yer beau

You was when we went out to meetin',  
An' d'ye mind how I crowed over Franz  
'Bezeek, when you give him the mitten,  
An' I tuk you home from the dance  
'Down to Hayes's, an' how you went ridin'  
'Behin' me, on father's gray mare,  
'While I dug my heels into the critter  
To make the beast caper an' rare



## THE PATCHWORK QUILT

So 's you'd put yer arms tighter aroun' me  
An' squeeze me to hol' to yer seat?  
An' I was that tickled I hollered  
An' vowed thet there was n't as sweet  
Another girl in the county,  
When I sot you down at the gate,  
Ridin' home with my heart all a' flutter  
An' my brain in a turrible state.

Now, what are you laughin' at, mother?  
Ye 're blushin' like when you's a bride.  
All right, I'll be still ef you say so;  
Let's turn this straw tick t' other side.  
That's better, now put on the feathers;  
I'll bet she do n't hev sich a bed  
In Kentuck' where there are n't no geoses,  
An' where they use shavin's instead.

My, wo' n't she rest well on them pillers?  
They're as soft as the down of a swan;  
Now, git out them warm winter blankets,  
An' to 'mind her o' days thet er gone  
We'll s'prise her by toppin' the covers  
With thet gay quilted patchwork spread  
Thet's kep' in the top burer drawer;  
It's goin' to go onto her bed.

### THE PATCHWORK QUILT

I know that may be finer covers,  
Fer 't is only a caliker spread  
But there 's mem'ries thet 's pieced into this 'n  
That hallow its every thread.  
My, do n't it bring up recollections?  
There 's a pictur' in every square,  
What others 'd call plain or faded  
To us is most wondrously fair.

D' ye see thet pink piece in the corner?  
How well I remember the day  
You wore it the fust time I seen you  
At a picnic one mornin' in May.  
I saw yer flax curls jist a' bobbin'  
Aroun' yer white throat as you swung  
A' hangin' onto a grape vine  
As over the water it hung;

An' when yer hand-hold was loosened  
An' you dropped with a splash in the creek,  
D' ye mind in whose arms you was carried  
An' you 'most too frightened to speak?  
I carried you jist to the cabin  
Thet stood on the brow o' the hill,  
But yer eyes as they met mine spoke volumes,  
An' my heart—it jist would n't keep still.



## THE PATCHWORK QUILT

An' thet blue one down ther' in the centre  
    'S the one thet you wore at the dance  
The night thet you rode home behin' me  
    When I made the mare caper an' prance.  
An' thet scrap o' brown, d'ye mind it?  
    Was Willie's, it went in a suit  
Set off with a white flarin' collar  
    An' a little red necktie to boot.

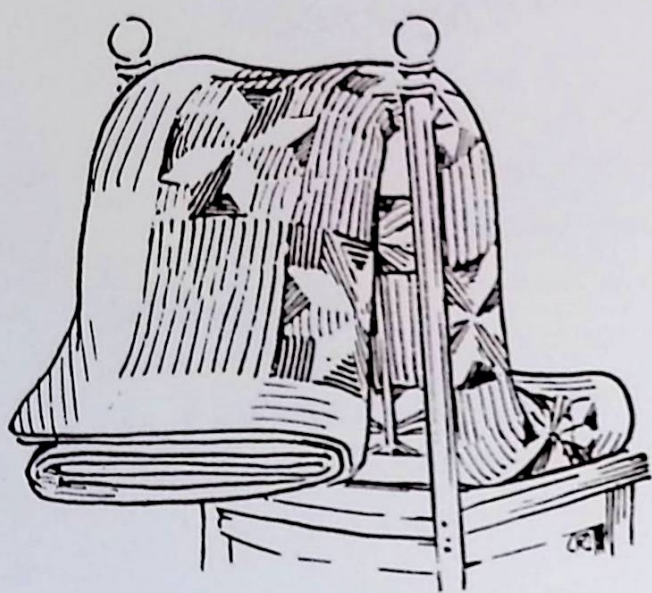
Thet one with the pink an' white flowers  
    Was Emmy's when she was a kid,  
An' I think I can see her a struttin'  
    So proud o' whatever she did.  
An' this gray one belonged to Aunt Lucy,  
    She wore it as her Sunday best;  
Dear heart, she grew tired an' weary  
    An' seemed glad when she went to her rest.

That buff one jist over the other  
    Was Alice's, poor little dear,  
God called her away to His Kingdom  
    An' left us to mourn fer her here.  
I remember the little white coffin;  
    On her face was a rapterous beam  
A' leavin' upon the wan features  
    Impress of a heavenly dream.





*There's mem'ries that's pieced into this*



### THE PATCHWORK QUILT

In the cold earth we laid her frail body  
    Deep away from all mortal eyes,  
To sleep till the trumpet shall call her  
    To waken in God's Paradise.  
There are scraps an' some remnants o' dresses  
    Worn by others who now are no more,  
Whose trials an' troubles were ended  
    When they passed to Eternity's shore.

Old quilt, you're quite out o' fashion,  
    There's nothin' you feel er can see  
But you always 'pear 'most like a human,  
    An' a dear friend you ever will be.  
Much more could be told o' the beauty  
    Of these patches we ever shall prize,  
Though perhaps they might appear worthless  
    If viewed through another one's eyes.

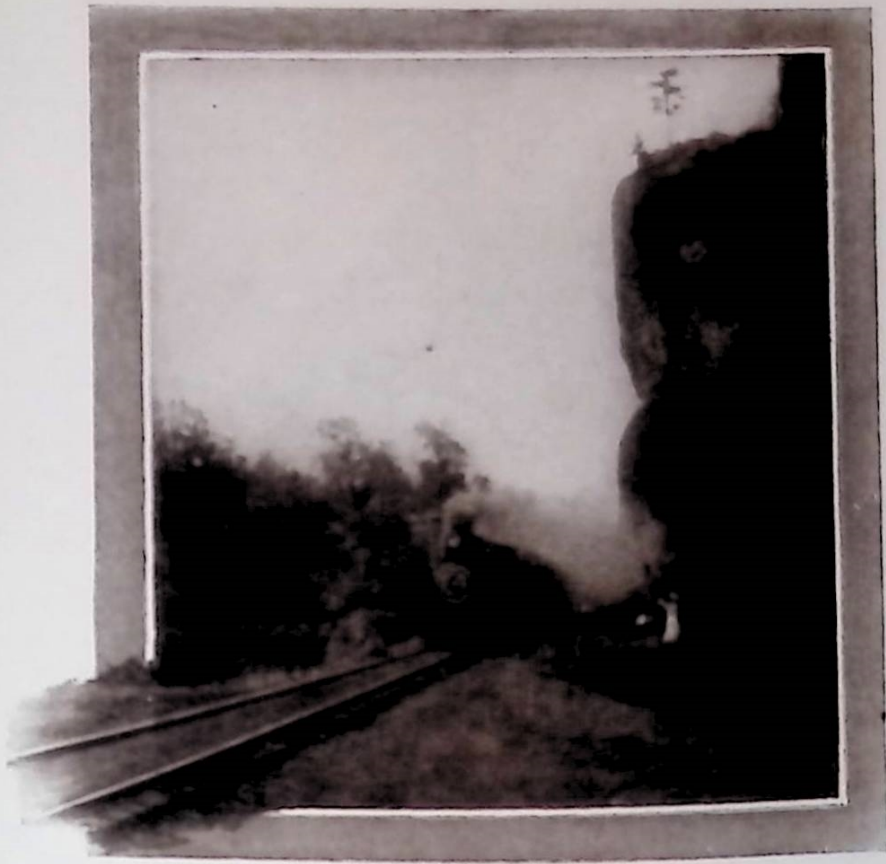


## JUST A MATTER OF TASTE

"THERE'S no accounting for taste," so said  
Joe Addison, years ago,  
And experience proves the truth thereof  
And 't is well that this is so.

Said one old buck to another one day,  
As he quoted Addison's saw,  
"If every young Injun had felt like me  
Each one would have wanted my squaw."

"T is well for your squaw," the other replied,  
As he braced himself 'gainst a ladder,  
"That every buck's taste is not like mine;  
If so, no one would have had 'er."



### CONSTANCY

DEAR heart, though absent from thy side,  
Thine image lost from view,  
Because thy presence be denied  
Dost think my heart less true?

Ah, no! a love that cannot live  
When other friends be nigh  
Is not the love that I would give;  
'T would never satisfy.

## CONSTANCY

Deeply I've drunk of Sorrow's cup,  
And rocky paths have trod,  
The cruel thorns have pierced my flesh  
And tried my faith in God.

Thy shoulders fair, Fate did not spare,  
Thou, too, hast felt the blow,  
But grief enables us to share  
Each other's pain and woe.

The rocky way, the stormy sea,  
Have served to draw us nearer  
Each to the other, and to me  
Thy sorrow makes thee dearer.

Love that is born of Gaiety  
And Mirth, may soon decay,  
But that conceived in Sorrow's night  
Will live through endless day.

So, loving, trusting, let us wait,  
Assured that time will tell  
The triumph of our faith in Him  
Who doeth all things well.